

DOUBLE HEADER

The Fat Controller gave Gordon a rest when he came back from London. He told James to do his work.

James got very conceited about it.

"You know, little Toby," he said, "I'm an Important Engine now; everybody knows it. They come in crowds to see me flash by. The heaviest train makes no difference. I'm as regular as clockwork. They all set their watches by me. Never late, always on time, that's me."

"Sez you," replied Toby cheekily.

One day Toby was out on the Main Line. The Fat Controller had sent him to the Works. His parts were worn. They clanked as he trundled along.

He was enjoying his journey. He was a very little engine, and his tanks didn't hold much water, so he often had to stop for a drink. He had small wheels, too, and he couldn't go fast.

"Never mind," he thought, "the Signalmen all know me; they'll give me plenty of time."

But a new signalman had come to one of the stations.

Toby had wanted to take Henrietta, but the Fat Controller had said, "No! What would the passengers do without her?"

He wondered if Henrietta was lonely. Percy had promised to look after her; but Toby couldn't help worrying. "Percy doesn't understand her like I do," he said.

He felt thirsty and tired; he had come a long way.

He saw a distant signal. "Good," he thought, "now I can have a nice drink, and rest in a siding till James has gone by."

Toby's Driver thought so too. They stopped by the water-crane. His Fireman jumped out and put the hose in his tank.

Toby was enjoying his drink when the signalman came up. Toby had never seen him before.

"No time for that," said the signalman.

"We must clear the road for the Express."

"Right," said the Driver. "We'll wait in the siding."

"No good," said the signalman, "it's full of trucks. You'll have to hurry to the next station. They've got plenty of room for you there."

Poor Toby clanked sadly away. "I must hurry! I must hurry!" he panted.

But hurrying used a lot of water, and his tanks were soon empty.

They damped down his fire and struggled on, but he soon ran out of steam, and stood marooned on the main line far away from the next station.

The fireman walked back. He put detonators on the line to warn James and his Driver; then he hurried along the sleepers.

"I'll tell that signalman something," he said grimly.

They wave down a goods train.

James was fuming when Toby's Fireman arrived and explained what had happened.

"My fault," said the signalman, "I didn't understand about Toby."

"Now James," said his Driver, "you'll have to push him."

"What me?" snorted James. "ME, push Toby and pull my train?"

"Yes, you."

"Shan't."

The Driver, the Firemen, the passengers and the Guard all said he was a Bad Engine.

"All right, all right," grumbled James. He came up behind Toby and gave him a bump.

"Get on you!" he said crossly.

James' Driver made him push Toby all the way to the Works.
"It serves you right for being cross," he said.

James had to work very hard, and when he reached the Works Station he felt exhausted.

Some little boys were on the platform. "Cool!" said one,
"The Express is late. A double header too. Do you know what I think? I think," he went on, "that James couldn't pull the train, so Toby had to help him."

"Cor!" said James and Blew a great cloud of steam.